Vol. 1 No. 2 April 1971

MASS ART COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER

CYBERNETIC SCULPTURE AT MIT

The "Cybernetic Sculpture Environment" by Tsai Wen-ying of MIT's Center for Advanced Visual Studies was seen through March 3rd at the Hayden Gallery at MIT. The entire gallery had been blackened out to provide the appropriate atmosphere-a single strobe is the only source of light-for Tsai's latest works. At first, one is fascinated by the movement, the flashing light and the electronic music, all of which seem quite strong in comparison to the austerity of the outside world. The second reaction is not dissimilar to what one might experience standing before the tinkerings of a mad scientist. The final reaction is difficult to describe-perhaps you could call it sheer appreciation.

All of the works are alike in that their main feature is the use of thick wires, or rods, vibrating at twenty to thirty cycles per second. However, the vibration seems to be much slower through the use of the strobe. The unusual factor in these works is that the vibration is not constant--sounds, the electronic music, and visitor proximity affect the mechanical variables which determine the forms that the sculpture takes. The wires seem to be continuously changing their shape.

Tsai Wen-ying was born in China and began his art career by painting watercolors. Later he became interested in mechanical engineering and studied at the University of Michigan. While working as an engineer, Tsai won a grant to study oil painting. But the grant stipulated that Tsai abandon his engineering for the sake of painting. Tsai, unable to comply with this stipulation for very long, returned to engineering--this time as a sculptor. His first three-dimensional works were constructions. Eventually, Tsai incorporated his artistic ability with his engineering interests and developed the sculptures that he now makes at Kepes' Center for Advanced Visual Studies.

I was, fortunately, able to meet Tsai at MIT and we discussed his work. *Tsai:*

"All people have one common denominator. We are all human beings. But individual classes of people have their own common denominators. For example, you as a student can relate to

other students because you share the same kinds of experiences.

"Each person who sees my work sees something different. A biologist sees a living, moving kind of organism. An engineer can appreciate the mechanical work that went into these pieces. A student interested in electronics likes the effect that the strobe light makes. You, as an art student can appreciate the beauty, the changing form in my work."

Art critics, surprisingly, have been quite kind to Tsai. Tsai: "I have been fortunate. No art critic has ever said a derogatory word about my work. Maybe they are too fascinated by it or are afraid to say anything about my work because they don't understand it."

Understanding is the thing that Tsai expects *least*. He does, however, want you to feel fascinated or awed by his work. A strong academic background is not necessary to appreciate Tsai's work. Tsai: "I do not like art that is done only for intellectuals. Art should be enjoyed by everyone. You do not have to be educated in the arts to appreciate my work."

Tsai Wen-ying creates art for people, not for artists.

THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION
of Massachusetts College of Art
presents:

A FILM SERIES

to be held on Thursdays, at 7:00 p.m.
in the college auditorium . . . . . .

APRIL 15

Charles Boultenhouse _____ DIONYSISUS

Mike Kuchar _____ SINS OF THE FLESHAPOIDS
Stan Brakhage _____ REFLECTIONS ON BLACK

Ilmura _____ LOVE

APRIL 22

Adolfas Mekas _____ WINDFLOWERS

Stan Brakhage _____ DESISTFILM

Ron Rice _____ FLOWER THIEF

APRIL 29

Stan Brakhage _____ ANTICIPATION OF THE NIGHT

Taylor Mead _____ MY HOME MOVIES
Adolfa Mekas _____ HALLELUJAH THE HILLS

MAY 6

Robert Weine _____ THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGAR
Nan Ray _____ L'ETOILE DE MER
Fernand Leger _____ BALLET MECHANIQUE

Rene Clair _____ ENTR' ACTE

MAY 13

Weber _____ LOT IN SODOM
Kirsanoff _____ MENILMONTANT
Flore/Toland/Vorkapich _____ LIFE AND DEATH OF A HOLLYWOOD EXTRA

Joseph Berne _____ DAWN TO DAWN

MAY 20

Fritz Lang _____ METROPOLIS
Dali-Bunuel _____ UN CHIEN ANDALOU

I love. I am.
I am loved. (loved)
Sweet snowball ice white loving
Hair warm, eye soft, skin hard
Hands round loving.
You too loving.
Believe that.
Lovehate. Scary thing. I fo not like this.
Yellow eye, green room. Toy high. A broom?
So far, gone so far away away

WATERCLOCK CRITICK IN A THIRTY MINUTE MONTH GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCTIONS- --A DEJA RE VU

jimmy come crawlin into th clashroom, he got all th skin scraped offn his body, his eyeballs is meltin down his cheeks, he is draggin a womb full o baby pigs, th professor beguines his professin, his mouth an open wound, his teeth is burnt up tree stumps, his tongues a duplicate o th constitution, th shiny slime o ninety years a mind kept in th dark in th tool box in th shed a head a box o wrinkled rivers o earwax drippin out his ears each hairs a hungry starvin tapeworm snappin at th air his students wavin tridents terrified each got a sneaker strapped to his forehead readin bleedin on all over leftover copies o copious notes theys all engulfed entwined in fluffy storms o paste an green scum an slime th clock beats itself to death crawlin into th corner to die th room dissolves into reforms into sixteen naked anti humans they globberin an slobberin they ways thru th slush each suckin on a broken knuckle "Now," say professor, "Who can tell me th exact correlate of a perpendicular tho seamingly exuberant HONESTY?" "GROSS," say jimmy, "th whitemans handwrench, sweated an scraped, wrapped in, gagged on, diseased shoeboxes, decayed animal intestines, whipped an hung in th alley, th monkeyfingers, bloodbath, th hunchbacks crosseyes, gangrene sandwhich, geronimo in graveyard drag, pitchfork in a shredded face..." "Quite!" ring th prof, "Ma boy, youve quart imagination on your head! Now, can ya tell th parabolic functions of a systemic tho highly viable ENERGY LEVEL and CREATIVE FORCE?" "NATIONAL!" shoot back jimmy, "reality an th harelips crossbow, nova in a bottled scream, pygmy serum on a pancake, yellow liquid nostrils, shotgun mornin blisters, an a rattlesnake rib cracker, pus an..." "MY GOD! boy, did ya know that you are th kind of student that comes but once in a lifetime, th kind we in th teachin trade dream about? But wait! A final test! Tell me, if ya can, an i doubt it, th cross reference of an INVOLVEMENT contrasted against th lower peliomorphic regions o that strate which shall hence

GNP

a Deja Re Vu

forward be called ENTERTAINMENT?" jimmy pause a minute to think...then..."PRODUCTIONS!," he yowls, then "wastelands, barbed wire mother sugar, shattered heartbeat, broken an cracked, teeth on a chain, legend on a leash, th ravenous hungarian on a mammoth, primitive infinity, th kings jewels in th gunslingers fist..." "MY GOD!" manages th prof, "MY GOD!" --- he breathes in quickly hauls th scene into his nose a row of midgets wavin blow guns troop outa jimmys pocket screw a birthday cake on his head hes shootin roman candles out his mouth all his fingers turned into punji sticks all smeared in human shit professor eats th lessons blows his nose into his face an throws his face against a wall it sticks an slides down on th clock its shocked out of its deathbed turns an writes GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCTIONS all in neon lights then dictates its will as well it can scans its face reads nine to grace professor lights a cigarette burns holes all thru his text an next he stands an pours a jar o foetuses on th floor th door tears off its hinges hides inside th teachers nose it glows he breathes in quick an out his nostrils leaps a nine armed spastic hostile green draped in vaseline he turns an fades into a scream an eats th tapeworms one by one professor embeds a thumbtack in his exposed skull an breathes in fast an out his eyes fall two long tunnels jimmy ducks an several greasy miners swing their picks unload their packs an back away they stack a pile o scarecrows on th floor a hose unfolds an blows out half a sewer jimmy skewers th miners on his punji sticks an yanks their tongues out of their mouths an quick a group of jackrabbits headed south crash thru th windows each window a human eye they kick across a wall th walls is made o human flesh th cake on jimmys head dissolves into a pile o slush th miners all gone blind now sit an eat a dish a lightbulb breaks an burns them into ash jackrabbits slash their stomachs shove their entrails in their mouths th mouths stand up an walk away professor breathes an out his nose ooze nine more scenes an each th same as this an hissing jimmy goes to view th nine then rests his head in a tiolet o gasoline it all lights into fire an th ten professors left with shrivelled fingers dig thru ratty tests an rows an rows o rotting miners tongues an every tongue leaps high an in accord they all of em wishin for th vocal chords so they perhaps could finally ask th words which came first th chicken or th question

"All right, students, hears your asininemeant for th weakend. I wont you all to crossbreed humans an turtles. Monday sharp, an dont forget to bring ya own flies."

Eric Kimball

Grey snow-blue sky
Patches on the mud ground
How bright is chilly bright?
Outside
March airy bright
So blue it's every other color
Reversed.
The sky-solid dome
Overall else shadows
The window frame
So definitely
Always-was there
Bright light on it like that
As strong as stretching
The air so deep so
Breath less.

When leaves are brown
And turn around
My head and everything is yellow
All over town
We'll make it-Clowns
Down at our sea. Just me
And you (what a flee!)
On the round of a green calliope!
Because, above the ground,
It's so lovely free
And from a sound that you and I
Have found, we see,
We feel another way to be.

grey day

smoke curls up
from tobacco stick
across my chest

soft old cat sleeps
on window sill
framing
forty shades of
grey

sky, trees,
chainlink,
stone,

Sabies' Gymnopedics 1:
ode for heartache
grey day

Stephen Hahn

---

the bridge at midnight

spanning parallel shores
imbibed in beauty
and absolute freedom.

i want a cool place to sit.
simple food to eat. decent
work to do. love
illuminating, i
finally want nothing
but to be
with all other things.

Stephen Hahn

FESTERBAL?

"FESTERBAL"

April 26th through May 1, 1971, has been designated as "Festerbal" week at Mass. Art. Festerbal was the rather spontaneous idea of several faculty and students in response to the obvious need for some atmosphere of communal enjoyment and free spirit at the college.

Even if the festival should fail to effect the majority of faculty and students in a positive way this year, it can hardly be argued that the idea is not needed—it is needed badly. The depressing state of existence created by the environment of this school is not going to disappear because of the festival, but it will be a welcome, if only brief, respite for those who participate.

Participation is clearly the most important element in having "Festerbal" succeed. The following is a breakdown of "Festerbal" events which are now definite:

Monday, April 26—*Food sale;* anyone who wishes to sell or give away food will do so beginning on Monday.

Collections, an exhibit in the foyer of various materials collected by students and faculty. The exhibit will extend over the week, accumulating articles such as family album photos, old phonograph records, body hair, foot prints, jewelry, correspondence, food stains and so on, until at the end of the week there will be a collection representing the personal effects of several students and faculty.

Jam session, rock and blues jam for the Monday session, to be held in the auditorium at 7:00 p.m. The jam sessions will be open to all artists and musicians and will feature both solo and group performances.

Tuesday, April 27—*Game night;* will feature such competitive events as pot throwing (who can throw the largest pot in the shortest time) and a painting competition that will include stretching and gessoing the canvas.

Jam session, held in the auditorium, open to all manner of sound.

Wednesday, April 28—*Wedding ceremony,* which is to be a celebration of friendship between any people or things who choose to be partners. Partners may be of any sex, age, or number and an individual may "wed" his dog, goldfish, or roach-clip if he chooses. The wedding will consist of a procession, celebration, food, and song to begin at 7:00 a.m. Wednesday morning. The Festerbal information car will have more on this.

Jam session, will feature a concert of Renaissance music played with primitive instruments.

Thursday, April 29—*Pet show,* exhibit of pets (real and imagined) on the front lawn of the school. The "most interesting" pet in the show will be selected as the official school mascot.

Exchange and Barter Day, an auction of things made, found, or borrowed will be held, the proceeds going back to the contributors. There is also the opportunity for persons to trade or exchange work they have done. Auditorium 3:30 p.m.

Film program, student and professional films from Mass. Art, the Museum School, and other colleges throughout the day.

Jam session, percussion instruments only. Auditorium, 7:00 p.m.

Friday, April 30—*Edible sculpture contest,* juried competition of edible sculpture. The rules are simple, the work entered must be made completely of edible materials (the work is not to be eaten however unless this is to be part of the piece itself) in any size or shape. The winner will receive a Carousel slide projector.

Afternoon jam session, electronic, tape, and invented instruments individual and group performances.

Costume Ball (Festerbal Ball), with prizes to the best or most bizarre prizes to the best or most bazaar costumes. Prizes include two Coyote Mini-bikes and a Nizo S40 super 8 camera. Music will be by the Beacon Street Union, and another group to be announced. A King & Queen of the Festerbal will also be announced at the costume ball.

Saturday, May 1—*Picnic* on the Fenway with food and music to be done in conjunction with the Museum School.

There is enough happening to interest most everyone so pick something out and plan to make it happen. More Festiball information can be obtained from Dean Nimmer, Lowry Burgess, Harris Barron, Robin Carter, Beverly Washington, Virginia Gunter, Rob Moore, Dave Davison and others or from the Festerbal car which will be located in front of the school through the festival week.

The Black Artists of Massachusetts College of Art
Cordially invite you
to attend
Their new exhibit entitled
"Putting it all Together"
Date - April 3rd and 4th, 1971
Time - 1 p.m. - 9 p.m.
Place - Community Center
110 Harvard Street
Dorchester, Mass.
(at the corner of Norwell and Harvard Streets)
Artists will be present
Entertainment and Refreshments

Monterey County Calif. S.P.C.A.

There is no such thing as A TENDER TRAP

Consider the raccoon — one of the earth's friendliest, most lovable creatures. He is part of the woodland lore and wonder of nature. Favorite children's stories endow him with almost human qualities along with the otter, the fox, the beaver, the muskrat and other forest dwellers.

Trapping animals like the raccoon is neither a friendly nor lovable occupation. Forty million leg-hold traps are set out continuously in the United States and Canada alone. The cruel, jagged-toothed traps can crunch an animal's leg, leaving him to bleed, suffer and starve for days before the trapper comes to deal the final death blow. The animals are so agonized that they often chew off their own feet.

It takes forty raccoons to make one coat for a human. Yet hundreds of defenseless animals may die before those forty pelts are collected. The traps snap at anything — turtles, eagles, groundhogs, porcupines, dogs and cats. A trap doesn't have any feeling about that . . . and neither does a trapper.

You, too, can help in the crusade to stop the vicious killing of animals that keep our environment alive and give joy to our children. You can refuse to wear the skins of animals for prestige or pleasure. You can speak out against these ungodly trapping practices in the name of the animals that still survive. And you can make a TAX DEDUCTIBLE CONTRIBUTION to Friends of Animals which is doing something constructive about this wanton destruction. DO IT NOW and feel better immediately — in the knowledge that you are helping to preserve our natural wildlife heritage — for your children and their children.

Miss Alice Herrington, President, Friends of Animals, Inc.
11 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023

I am glad to enclose $_____ (payable to FoA and fully tax deductible) to help stop the murder of wildlife. Please add my name to your mailing list.

Please Print

_____
Name

_____
Number and Street

_____
City State Zip

The church in the woods is deep and good
Come back to me before I scream!
Scream! Evil-deep and bottoming, overwhelming
Throat-tearing rasping on the inside
Scream!
..A gentle touch to my life
That takes away all dreaming and gives back
Back to giving. Is that so? To go
Besides in you-she is the green queen?
I see her all the time. It's mine.
When there
Isn't time! Oh! And Ugh!
How do you disturb a torrent slaking down
My head? It is finished:
I will not die like a christ. I will be
More...today. And after?
The pain begins so intense. But
How does it
End? There is no end
To a round. I will not say what I am thinking now-
Mush. No more than that much Mush.

Down brake.
Purple poems on a red bright moon. Noon.
Yellow sky at midnight and orange moon. Too soon, it's all too soon.
Purple purple brown brown Blue.
Blue green blue.
Green life green. So much for you.
Bienvenue. They that were that think they are
And they that were that are, are thee.
Yell. Yellow orange orange.
Circle yellow. So there. Are they there? They are there.
Over the head with a sled.
Over through around. Updown. please. Please. For gods' sake
Weird. weird. Fortune done. It is done. For
All of us. Digit. Dig it. Diggit. Riggledy piggledy. Hell.
Well. Dig dog. Ding dong. Young old for eat. Seer, dear, fear.
Greet. Cannot. Ghot. Gut got. Pot. Dot. Lot.
"Apologize, tear out his eyes" for her. Me. For me.
For he. Heat. Heart. He's all heart.
Jar. In a jar. Pair in a jar. Me in a jar. Thee in a jar.
Wart. Fort. Thy fortune. I vye. Fry. Uy. Yup. You pup. Up. Down.
Up pup. The pup like him five rive arrive nine. Pine. You are
Out of line. Cine sin. (cos.) Sane. Sanity. Up down. Down up. Ha ha.
hahahahahahasahagafafaersasawayabaaazzzzzzzzzniaiazes. In him kin.
His kin in. He is kin. He was kin. Gin. You win.
Sin. The wages of sin. Min. Give up, you win. What a din! Pin.
Pnin. Dhain, Yin. Fin. Sarah sin. sarahSin. Saracen. Turk.
Jerk! Black flack. Smack. Attack! Back. Get back. Watch out!
She came in through the Broom window. NO no nooooo! You did!
Not see! I never did. Frid. Spid. Gid.
Over the river and through the woods...
Go out and play in the traffic.

It's a rainy rainy rainy
Rainy day,
An up and down the stairs
Build a fireplace warm
Rainy kind of day.
There's no sun
Flashing over the windowsill
It just comes enough to see by
But it's an earth wet,
Leaf-soaking,
Penetrating, Satiating
Day Good.

Feeling run down lately? Are you always feeling pooped and bogged down in a sea of petty personal insignificant woes?

Well then, wipe those tears - stained bloodshot eyes with your shirt sleeve - there's hope for you yet, bucko. Lend an ear and listen to this suggestion which is guaranteed to bring fast, fast, fast results!

You can get involved in school activities (for a limited time only) and it will *NOT* cost you one single dime!

Try this no-risk formula for one week and if you are not completely satisfied within one week, then you may return to your previous miserable existence.

Belder

Morning-tea
Afternoon-earth
Cinnamon-stick molasses
Acorn leaves through late October
Dirt-nail toe
After storm kelp
Mountain-climb sides
And everything's like
You.

VIETNAM—COMMENT

Despite the fact that we Americans -- especially Presidents Johnson and Nixon plus their military advisors - seem to be the spokesmen for the freedom and political sovereignty of the Vietnamese (South Vietnamese *only),* the most eloquent speakers for this tortured nation (both South and North) are the Vietnamese themselves.

A foremost Catholic intellectual, Professor Ly Chanh Trung, delivered a speech at the Saigon Student Center in September, 1968. Allow me to quote some of it. It is taken from *At War With Asia* by Noam Chomsky (Vintage: 1970):

I want peace, first of all, because I am a Vietnamese. Being a Vietnamese, I cannot stand anymore the sight of Vietnamese blood continuing to be spilled more and more each day - not only the blood of the soldiers on both sides, but also the blood of hundreds of thousands of innocent civilians, of old men and old women, of women and children - while a number of other Vietnamese unconcernedly seek after money and eat and make merry in a dissolute manner, as if they were living in Paris or New York, or, to be more exact, on another planet, since the inhabitants of Paris and New York may well concern themselves with the present war in Viet Nam more than they do.

Being a Vietnamese, I can no longer put up with the sight of foreigners who presume to have the right to destroy my country, with the most modern and terrible means, and all in the name of "protecting the freedom" of the people of southern Viet Nam - that is to say, a kind of "freedom" which the inhabitants of the southern part of Viet Nam have been throwing up and vomitting out for the last ten years already, without yet being able to swallow.

Surely there are many Americans who honestly believe that they have come here to "protect freedom", and I sincerely thank them (for their good intentions). But they are mistaken, or have been cheated, because if the inhabitants of the southern part of Viet Nam had truly experienced freedom as an automatic result of independence, then they would have had more than enough strength to protect their own freedom without having to inconvenience anybody at all! But, unfortunately, the inhabitants of the southern part of Viet Nam have not been able to enjoy freedom, and have not had the chance to be the masters of their own destiny, precisely because the Americans, in the name of the protectors of freedom, have, in fact, been protecting regimes which stamp out that freedom.

And when these regimes crumbled or failed, not because of "Communist terrorism" but because of their own decomposure, powerlessness, and lack of justice, the only way Americans then knew to "protect freedom" was by the several millions of tons of bombs used to crush to pieces the very land of Viet Nam, and by the gigantic streams of dollars which deluge Vietnamese society in the south - that is to say, by destroying the very roots of the material and spiritual foundations of this country.

...Mine is a country you either respect or destroy, there is no half measure. Up until now, no one has managed to destroy it.

Dear Editor:

Changes in Federal Law over the past year allow people 18 years of age to vote for Congressmen, United States Senator, and President. Similarly, changes in the Massachusetts constitution allow people 19 years and older to vote in all elections in the Commonwealth.

During the month of March when students are on vacation, they have an opportunity to register to vote. The process is simple in that they merely have to present themselves in the office of City Clerk in their city or town. The process is not long, only a few minutes.

I hope those between the ages of 18 and 21 who to date have not had the opportunity to express their views through the ballot box will take this opportunity to begin to impress their positions and ideas upon the society we live in.

Francis C. Lapointe
Vice Chairman
Committee on Election Laws
MASS. GENERAL COURT